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JOHN C. BAILEY, PROP.

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OUT OF THE WRONG POCKET.

Mr. Taggard frowned as he observed the pile of bills by his plate, placed there by his prudent, economical wife notwithstanding an anxious flutter of the heart, in anticipation of the scene that invariably followed. He actually groaned as he read the sum total.

"There must be some mistake, Mary," he said, pushing back his plate with a desperate air; "it is utterly impossible for us to have used all these things in one month!"

"The bills are correct, John," was the response; "I looked them over myself."

"Then, one thing is certain, provisions are wasted—thrown out of the window as it were—or stolen! Jane has relatives in the place, and I have not the least doubt that she supports them entirely out of what she steals!"

Mrs. Taggard's temper was evidently rising; there were two round crimson spots upon her cheeks, and she tapped her foot noisily upon the floor.

"I am neither wasteful nor extravagant, John; and as for Jane, I know her to be perfectly honest and trustworthy."

"It is evident that there is a leak somewhere, Mary; and it is your duty, as a wife, to find out where it is and stop it. Our bills are perfectly enormous, and if this sort of thing goes on much longer, I shall be a bankrupt."

Mrs. Taggard remained silent, trying to choke down the indignant feeling that struggled for utterance.

"You will have to order some coal," she said at last; "we have hardly sufficient for the day."

"Is there any more, Mrs. Taggard?" inquired Mr. Taggard ironically.

"Yes; neither myself nor the children are decently or comfortably clothed; all need an entirely new outfit."

"Go on, madam. As I am a man of unlimited means, if you have any other wants, I hope you won't be at all backward about mentioning them."

"I don't intend to be," was the quiet, but spirited reply. "I wouldn't do for another what I do for you, for double my board and clothing. Both the parlor and sitting room need refurbishing; everything looks so faded and shabby that I am ashamed to have any one call. And the stairs need repainting, the blinds and gate repaired, and the fences painted."

"That can't be all, Mrs. Taggard; are you sure that there isn't something else?"

"I don't think of anything just now, Mr. Taggard, though if there should be a few dollars over and above what these will cost, they won't come amiss. I should like to have a little change in my pocket, if only for the novelty of the thing; you needn't fear its being wasted."

Mr. Taggard was evidently not a little astonished at this sudden outbreak in his usually quiet and patient wife, but who, like most women of that stamp, had considerable spirit when it was aroused.

"Now that you are through, Mrs. Taggard, perhaps you will let me say a word. Here is all the money I can spare you this month, so you can make the most of it."

Laying a roll of bills on the table, Mr. Taggard walked to the door; remarking just before he closed it, that he should leave down on the next train, to be absent about a week.

The very into which Mrs. Taggard fell, as she listened to the sound of his retreating steps, was far from being a pleasant one. Aside from her natural vexation, she felt grieved and saddened by the change that had come over her once kind, indulgent husband.

His mind seemed to be entirely filled with the greed of gain, to desire to amass money not for the sake of the good that it might enable him to enjoy, or confer, but for the mere pleasure of hoarding it. And this miserly feeling grew upon him daily, until he seemed to grudge his family the common comforts of life. And yet Mrs. Taggard knew that he was not only in receipt of a comfortable income from his business, but he laid by a surplus, yearly, ever since their marriage.

She taxed her ingenuity to save in every possible way, but when

the monthly bills were presented, the same scene was enacted, only it grew worse and worse.

And this penuriousness extended to himself. He grudging himself, as well as his wife and children, clothing suitable to his means and station, and went about looking so rusty and shaggy that Mrs. Taggard often felt ashamed of him, inwardly wondering if he could be the same man who had wooed and won her.

With a heavy sigh, Mrs. Taggard took up the roll of bills upon the table, hoping to find enough to pay what was already due—she did look for more.

An ejaculation of astonishment burst from her lips as she unrolled the paper in which it was folded. It contained \$500 in bills and a check for \$500 more.

With a look of quiet determination in her eye, Mrs. Taggard arose to her feet. "The family should now have some of the comforts to which they were entitled, if they never did again."

First, she settled every bill; a heavy weight being lifted from her heart as she did so; besides getting a fresh supply of fuel and other comforts. Her next move was to order new furniture for the sitting-room and parlor, have the broken doorstep mended and the fence and blinds painted and repaired. She then took the children out and got them new garments from hats to shoes. She bought herself three new dresses; a neat gingham for morning wear, a delicate for afternoons, and something nicer for

evening. And before going home she took the children into a shop de-lighting the boy with the skates he had so often asked for, and giving the girl the chief wish of her heart, a doll and doll's wardrobe, not forgetting some blocks for the baby.

For, like a wise as well as a kind mother, Mrs. Taggard wished to make their childhood a happy one—something to look back upon with pleasure through their whole after life. Neither was her husband forgotten; by the aid of some old garments, for a pattern, she got him an entire new suit, together with stuff for dressing gown and slippers.

The day on which Mrs. Taggard expected her husband's return was a very busy one, but at last the carpets were down, the paper hung and everything in "apple pie order."

He was expected on the 5 o'clock train, and Mrs. Taggard set the children attired in their pretty new dresses at the window to "watch for pa" while she went down to assist Jane in preparing something extra for supper. She had but just returned when Mr. Taggard was seen approaching the house.

It looked so different from what it did when he left that he stared at it with amazement, and would have hesitated about entering, had it not been for the name on the newly-burnished door plate. But he was still more astonished when he entered.

"Am I in my own home, or somebody's else?" he ejaculated, as he looked around the bright and pleasant room.

"It is the new furniture I have been buying," said his wife smiling. "How do you like it?"

"Have you been running me in debt, Mary?"

"Not in the least, John, it was all bought with the money you so generously left me when you went away."

Mr. Taggard clapped his hand into one pocket.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, in an agitated tone of manner. "I gave it to you out of the wrong pocket."

Mrs. Taggard did not look at all astonished or disturbed at this announcement; on the contrary, her countenance wore a very smiling and tranquil aspect.

"You don't mean to say that you have spent it?" inquired Mr. Taggard, desperately.

"Why, what else should I do with it, John? You told me to make the most of it, and I rather think I have."

"I am a ruined man," groaned Mr. Taggard.

"Not a bit of it," said his wife cheerfully. "You would not be ruined if you had given me twice that amount. Besides, I have saved enough for house-keeping expenses for the next three months at least. I think you had better give me an allowance for that purpose in future, it will save us both much annoyance."

The children who had been led what their mother had bought them as "presents from their papa," now crowded eagerly about him.

Mr. Taggard loved his children, and it would be difficult for any one having the kind heart that he really possessed to turn away from

the innocent smiles and caresses that were lavished upon him.

And when his wife approached with the dressing gown and slippers, he not only allowed her to induct him into them but returned the loving caress with which she assured him "that he looked as young and handsome as ever."

It was a smiling group that gathered round the cheerful supper table. And as Mr. Taggard glanced from the gleeful children to the smiling face of his wife, who certainly looked ten years younger, attired in her new and becoming dress, he came to the conclusion that though it might cost something to make his family comfortable, "on the whole," to use a common but extensive phrase, "it paid."

We do not mean to say that Mr. Taggard was entirely cured; a passion so strong is not so easily eradicated. But when the old miserly feelings came over him, and he began to dole out grudgingly the means with which to make his family comfortable, his wife would laughingly say: "You are taking it out of the wrong pocket, John!" words which seemed to have a magical effect upon both heart and purse strings.

"Let us take comfort as we go along," she would often say, as she laid her cheek lovingly to his; "not grudge our children the innocent pleasure natural to youth, for the purpose of laying up for them the wealth that is too often a curse rather than a blessing."

Hours at Home.

THE PERSUASION OF SONG.—Thus pleasantly does Beecher speak of it: "The mother singing over the cradle—is there any saintliness more beautiful to be thought of than that? The old bird sits on the tree, and coaxes the young bird to fly to her. She sing to it, and teaches it to sing. And the mother sits at the cradle, as it were to call the little children up to the Christian life. The children sing in the family, and in the utterance of song they are all one. There is but one sound, but one hymn, and to a large extent, so far as there is feeling at all, it is one feeling."

And persons are never brought into such communion as when they are gathered together, and their feelings express themselves in song. It is the hymns that persons sing together that unite them. I think that I love those that I have sung with better than any others. And when we come into heavenly places in Christ Jesus—into the lecture room, and the church proper—and all join in singing, there are other ministrations in the sanctuary that opens the gate of heavenly light and makes the battlements shine so brightly!

WE MUST WORK.—Every man builds his own house; builds it many-chambered, fresh-ventilated, picture-lung, vine-wreathed, guest-full; or, low, pent, bare-wall, flowerless, inhospitable—just in accordance with his inner nature. Precisely as the internal force of affinity in the Mollusk lays hold of and aggregates round itself the fine line particles in the sea water, so does the internal force in the human soul lay hold of and aggregate around itself what it wants. The surrounding ocean holds in solution knowledge, pleasure, meat, drink, wit, wisdom, friends, flowers, God; and out of this wealth we secrete our shells—clam shells or nautilus-shells, as we are clams or nautilus. We find what we crave—fun, if we have a zest for the funny; friends, if we long for friends; beauty, if we love beauty; thought, if we tend to thought. Slowly we build up our house, small or large; if we are refined, it is refined; if we are roomy, it is roomy.

THE SWEET POTATO HAS A GREAT FUTURE. It has been discovered that far surpasses that of the beet, and even the sorghum, in delicacy of flavor, while the yield is also more abundant. The average product of a bushel of sweet potatoes of the jam variety is alleged to be over two gallons, which would give from 300 to 350 gallons of syrup to the acre, as the average production on poor and sandy soil, is from 150 to 180 bushels per acre. And even after the syrup has been extracted the residue is pronounced a valuable edible for both man and beast. It thus seems that the sweet potato is to play the same role in certain parts of our country, where it is raised in great abundance, as the bread-fruit in the South Sea Islands, as it can be used in its various forms as an excellent, in making bread, in the brewing of beer, as a substitute for coffee, for the production of syrup, and for fattening pigs and other farm animals.

[From the New York Herald.]

Murder and Suicide.

A Well-Known Physician Cuts His Children's Throats and then Cuts His Own—Particulars of the Occurrence—A Shocking Sight—Run Supposed to be the Cause.

The Ninth ward of this city was yesterday afternoon the scene of one of the most revolting, heart-rending cases of child murder and subsequent suicide ever known in this city, for by it a whole family, save the wife and mother, of very respectable people are swept into eternity.

Dr. J. J. Connolly, a well to do and very respectable physician, together with his wife and two beautiful children—one, Mary Anne, two years and seven months old, and the other, Clara Regina, a babe seven months old—have for some time past been living at 143 West Eleventh street. Of late the doctor has, unfortunately, been greatly addicted to strong drink, and was in the habit of returning to his home very much

UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF LIQUOR; But, so far as can be ascertained, was always kind and affable to his family, notwithstanding his condition. Yesterday he was not observed by any of the neighbors to go out, as was his custom; a fact which they took no heed of at the time, or if they chanced to think of it at all, attributed it to the dreadfully stormy condition of the weather. It now seems that some time during the afternoon he took the two children and went up stairs to the second story and there, in the back chamber, locked himself and the little ones in. About four o'clock the people living next door heard Mrs. Connolly crying and calling out to her husband to give her the children. So frantic and persistent were her appeals and so bitter were her sobs, that those who heard her were persuaded something serious was transpiring there among the little family, but yet never once dreaming of the terrible character of what that something eventually proved to be.

One of the neighbors, who could no longer withstand the piteous appeals of the poor mother for her babes, hurried through the peeling storm to the Ninth precinct station house, where he informed the sergeant on duty of the condition of affairs and urged him to send an officer to the house. According to two patrolmen were dispatched to the doctor's residence, but upon their arrival there they were

REFUSED ADMITTANCE.

By Mrs. Connolly herself, who came to the door in answer to their call. She, in a very excited and determined manner, ordered the officers to leave her door, at the same time assuring them that there was nothing wrong within. They knew from all indications that something unusual had taken place, despite the lady's assurances to the contrary, and therefore urged her by all the means in their power to admit them or tell them where the doctor was. To neither of these requests would she consent, but stoutly refused to tell them anything at all. They hurriedly returned to the station house and reported to Captain Washburn the state of affairs and their conviction that something of a serious character had transpired at the house. The captain at once set out for the place, accompanied by two officers, and on their arrival were, as at first, summarily refused admittance. Mrs. Connolly appeared in great grief, but still refused to admit that anything was wrong. In answer to the Captain's interrogatories she said her husband and children were up stairs; but so far from allowing either Captain Washburn or the officers to go up to them she again peremptorily ordered them to quit the house. Notwithstanding this Captain Washburn ascended the stairs and tried the door leading into the back chamber, but it was locked. He called to the doctor repeatedly, but no answer came. Not knowing exactly what to do under the circumstances he returned to the street and saw several of the neighbors, who live next door on each side of the doctor's residence and, after consulting with them and hearing their statements, determined to go back and break into the room. This he did, and the sight which there met his gaze beggars all description.

Police men long in the service, like the veterans of a hundred battles, become inured to revolting scenes of blood and cruelty, soon learn to look upon them for a moment perhaps with a pitying eye and then forever forget them; but Captain Washburn and the two officers who accompanied him will never, never forget the sight of that room when they entered it

about seven o'clock last evening. Stretched upon the bed, which stood with the head against the wall to the right of the door, where the

LIFELESS BODIES OF THE DOCTOR AND HIS TWO INNOCENT BABES.

The father lay on his back at the side of the bed farthest from the door, having on a shirt, a pair of red flannel drawers, a pair of socks and a pair of slippers. The right leg was drawn up towards the body, the right hand was thrown across his chest, and his left hand lay by his side. Close beside him on the left lay his two darlings—for he loved them notwithstanding he killed them—both on their backs, the eldest with her head on the pillow while between her little feet lay the head of the baby—her little sister. The children had nothing on but little night slips, which hung loosely about their bodies. Between them and their father, floating in a pool of blood, was a little India rubber ball, which they had evidently been playing with before the horrid deed was done. On the side of the bed nearest the door lay a huge bread knife, about fourteen inches long, two inches wide at the widest part, and sharp almost as a razor. This was the instrument which had so effectually done the work. It was with this that the father had

CUT THE CHILDREN'S THROATS

And then almost dismembered his own head from his body. The bed was one mass of gore, which trickled down on the floor, where it settled in pools. Over on the opposite side of the room stood a little crib, containing every requisite for the comfort of the children, and they—or the eldest one, at least—had occupied the night previous. The furniture in the room was of the cottage description, painted green.

When the officers entered the room the bodies were stark and cold, which leads to the belief that the terrible crime must have been committed as early as one o'clock at least. The distracted wife and mother followed close behind the officers, and when she saw the forms of all those she held most dear in life drenched in their own blood her grief knew no bounds. She swooned away and was removed by the kind-hearted policeman to an apartment on the lower floor, where she lay for a long time in a perfectly unconscious state.

VULGARITY.

We commend the following extract to the thoughtful study of the young. Nothing is so disgusting and repugnant to the feelings of the noble and good, as to hear the young, or even the old, use profane, low, or vulgar language.

The young of our town are particularly guilty of profanity. In our day, it seems the "boy" does not feel himself a "man" unless he can excel in this great sin.

"We would guard the young against the use of every word that is not strictly proper. Use no profane expression—allude to no sentence that will put to blush the most sensitive. You know not the tendency of habitually using indecent and profane language. I may never be obliterated from your heart. When you grow up you will find at your tongue's end some expression which you would not use for any money. By using care you will save yourself a great deal of mortification and sorrow. Good men have taken sick and become delirious. In these moments they used the most vile and indecent language imaginable. When informed of it after restoration to health they had no idea of the pain they caused; they had learned and repeated the expressions in childhood, and though years had passed since, they had been indelibly stamped upon the heart. Think of this, you who are tempted to use improper language, and never disgrace yourselves."

ONE of the peculiarities of the Government of the Paris Commune was the great preponderance in the really influential positions of foreign adventurers. That these men, composed of almost every nationality, were involved in the leadership of the movement, is shown in recalling the names of many of them. The question is, how did the majority of these men find themselves in Paris just at the juncture when their reckless political systems might find opportunity for action? It is not clear that they were in the city before the war, and but little time was afforded them to reach Paris during the interval between the departure of the Germans and the flight of the Thiers Government. Their presence in Paris, with all their hair-brained theories, must always have something of the mysterious attached to it; but there the mysterious connected with them ends.

The Vallandigham Tragedy—How the Fatal Shot Came to be Fired.

Mr. Vallandigham had been engaged for ten days in preparing for the defence of one McGeehen, charged with the murder of Meyers, at Hamilton, Ohio, some weeks ago. He had gone to Lebanon to attend the trial, and his wife had been summoned to attend the funeral at Cumberland in Maryland—the Hon. John V. L. McMahon, a distinguished lawyer of that State.

A Lebanon correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer furnishes that paper with the following details of the terrible accident which resulted in his death:

After taking supper, he procured from the landlord of the hotel a bit of white muslin cloth, perhaps a foot square, for the purpose of testing to his own satisfaction as to whether a shot fired from a pistol in close proximity to it would or would not leave the mark of powder upon it. Having provided himself with this, and put his pistol in his pocket, he and Mr. Miliken and Mr. Hume went out together to the south edge of town, beyond the residence of Governor McBurney. Arriving there, they were joined by Mr. McBurney, and the trio became a quartette.

THE PISTOL.

which he took with him for this purpose is a new revolver which he had purchased only a few days before coming to Lebanon. It is one of Smith & Wesson's manufacture, with a four inch barrel, and five chambers, and carries a ball of 32 100 of an inch calibre.

HOW THE ACCIDENT CAME ABOUT.

Two shots were fired into the cloth, and all were satisfied with the result of the experiment, and started back to the hotel.

Mr. Miliken, ever cautious and thoughtful said:

"Val, there are three shots in your pistol yet. You had better discharge them."

"What for?" responded Mr. Vallandigham.

"To prevent any accident," replied the cautious attorney. "You might shoot yourself."

"No danger of that," replied Mr. Vallandigham, "I have carried and practiced with pistols too long to be afraid to have a loaded one in my pocket."

"You had better be careful, though," said Mr. Miliken.

"Never fear me," was the reply.

They then slowly walked back toward the town, and before they had reached the hotel, separated.

Arriving at the Lebanon House also, Mr. Vallandigham was stepped on his way up stairs by the landlord, and a package that had been left for him in his absence placed in his hands. That parcel contained another revolver—a weapon that had been exhibited at the trial in court, and was not only unloaded, but had the chambers removed. Proceeding to his room, he unwrapped the parcel, and at the same time taking his weapon from his pocket, laid the two murderous instruments on the table, side by side.

A moment later, Mr. Scott Symmes, a young lawyer who has been connected with the prosecution of the case, passed the door.

"Symmes," said he, "Follett is mistaken. A man could easily shoot himself as Meyers was shot. Come in and I will show how it is done."

Thus invited, Symmes entered the room, but a moment later, seeing Judge Pope coming up stairs, excused himself on the ground that he was going to Hamilton in the morning, and wished to see the Judge before he left. He passed out, and a minute or so afterward Mr. McBurney came into the room. Mr. Vallandigham, still standing by the table on which the pistols lay said:

"I'll show you how Tom Meyers shot himself. Follett's mistaken when he says it can't be done."

Saying this, he took up one of the murderous instruments in his hands, put it into his pantaloons pocket, and slowly drawing it out again, cocking it as he drew it forth, he attempted to place it in the exact position which he believed Myer's weapon to have assumed at the moment the fatal bullet was sped on its mission of death. The muzzle of the weapon still within the lappel of the pocket, he brought it to an angle of about forty-five degrees.

"There, that's the way Meyers held it, only he was getting up, not standing erect." Saying this, he touched the trigger.

A sudden flash—the half-suppressed sound of a shot—and Clement L. Vallandigham, with an expression of agony, exclaimed: "My God, I've shot myself," and reeled towards the wall, a wounded and dying man—wounded and dying by his own hand.

Influence of Climate upon Man.

At a recent meeting of a New York club some interesting remarks were made on this subject. Man, in his delusion, said a speaker, generally opposes his dependency upon nature. Being himself

her child, he thinks that no impression is strong enough to leave a durable effect upon him. But experience teaches the very opposite. It shows that man, to a certain extent, was always subject to the climate. It is not generally known, but it is nevertheless true that a pure, moderate dry air generally produces, great mental sprightliness, especially with full-blooded persons. A cloudy and moist atmosphere, on the other hand, produces mental relaxation and, with many, melancholy.—This explains why suicides so often happen when the sky is overcast. The depressed mental state is thus further enhanced. Villeneuve reports that of every ten suicides which were committed in Paris during two years, nine took place in the rainy season. The influence of the climate is also well exemplified in the case of mountaineers.—They are quicker, more active and

excitable.

From the unequal action upon the body, and its reaction upon the mind, the character of various nations may be explained.

The influence of a moist atmosphere is strikingly illustrated in the case of individuals who have been weakened by previous illness, from the great number of suicides committed at the close of the year 1823, in the Dutch places Groningen and Sneek. Most of the unfortunate had suffered from the epidemics of 1820 and 1827. In the city of Sneek, with 6,000 inhabitants, not less than four suicides took place in one week, and among those was a boy of eight years.

The Swiss naturalist, Desor, in a recent essay, describes the climate of North America as very changeable and dry. After having explained a number of phenomena produced by the climate in general, he depicts its influence upon the inhabitants of this country. He derives from the climate his activity, acuteness, his tall stature, his eagerness for gain, his practical talent, and his love of adventure.

It is also known that the inhabitants under a preponderating clear sky possess more talent for art, while those under a gloomy sky have more propensity for speculation and thought.

Drinking Ice Water.

"Drink ice water sparingly" is an important maxim to every person in summer. Experience shows that in order to quench the thirst a little cool drink accomplishes quite as much as a large quantity. The better the day the less should the stomach be loaded either with food or drink. A little observation will show the rule to be a good one both in respect of comfort and health. Let any one who doubts this try the following experiments, each for the six working days of a week of hot weather:

1. Every other day eat largely and drink moderately, and on the alternate days eat and drink sparingly.

2. Every other day drink largely and eat moderately, and on alternate days, as before, eat and drink sparingly.

3. Every other day eat and drink largely, and on the alternate days do both sparingly. The result of the experiments will show that in each case the alternate days when the stomach is least burdened the comfort is greatest, and the days when the stomach is loaded with the full meal and the largest amount of drink, the greatest discomfort is experienced.

"But what shall be done to quench the thirst in the hot days?" Drink only a little at a time. If the water is cold a swallow or two will generally prove sufficient.—When the sense of thirst returns take another swallow, and so on. Bits of ice kept in the mouth or chewed until they melt are much better than copious draughts of water. When the sensation of thirst is felt delay quenching it as long as may be conveniently done. Try all this and test it for yourselves.

As exchange says that arrangements have been made in England for an excursion to this country of a number of publishers and editors of London journals. They expect to leave Liverpool some time this month, and will make an extended tour through the States.

LOBELIA administered in cases of lock jaw is said to be very successful